The Provocations of the Inquisities

A book that will rank with the most valuable work done by American students is the ory of the Inc elsition in the Middle Ages by HENEY CHARLES LEA (Harpers). As yet only the first volume is published, but as the two eding volumes are understood to be in a dyanced preparation, their appear ance is not likely to be long delayed. From the sary installment of the narrative it is easy to deduce the aims and methods of the writer, and to appreciate the spirit in which he has approached his task. Mr. Lea's purpose is to investigate the origin and growth of the not from a polemical but a scientific point of view, to discuss a remarkable phenomenon, neither as a Protestant nor as a Catholic, but as a philosopher, who is willing to recognize the admixture of good and evil in all human institutions. It is likely, theretore, that this book will win unqualified approval from the fervent Bomasist or the passionate denouncer of the Church of Rome. But those who care more for truth and insight than for the advancement of onate denouncer of the lar cause will acknowledge weighty thions to a man whose researches and races indements have been unwarped by ios, and who can depict with equal candor and sympathy the virtues of Peter Waldo tiality the dangerous heresies of the with impartiality the dangerous heresies of the Manuchean Albigenses and the repressive barsee committed by the Holy Office. From his pages werise with the conviction that, however flagrant was the provocation for the revolt ainst secordotalism which began in the twelfth century, its triumph at that time would eve been fatal to European civilization. We see also that the defeat of that widespread re-Blon-like the check administered to Protestantism in the latter part of the sixteenth and in the seventeenth centuries-while, no doubt partly owing to the coercive agencies arrayed upon the side of the Catholic religion, was mainly due to the power of self-regeneration latent in the Church of Rome.

Among the topics discussed by Mr. Lea in his first volume there are three on which the reader will dwell with special interse are the tardiness with which the recenting spirit awoke in Latin Christenpersocuting spirit awoke in Latin Christen-dom, the intellectual uphenval of the twelfth stury which provoked repressive measures. and the particular ramifications of that movement in schism and heresy, associated in common speech with the Waldenses and Albigen see, for whose extirpation the tremendous engine known as the Inquisition was devised.

Mr. Les traces in his fifth chapter the causes which retarded the development of persecution in the Western Church. Chief among these he ranks the non-fertility of the Western mind in the speculative subtleties out of which arose the heresies that convulsed the Eastern Church even before its recognition by the civil power. It seems to us that a more obvious and satis fring explanation is to be looked for in the huge task of conversion and assimilation upon which, for many centuries, the energies of Latin Christianity had to be concentrated. Even after the Franks, the Burgundians, and the Germans dwelling in the lands adjacent to the Rhine and upper Danube had become zenlous devotees of Christianity and the Visigotha of Spain and southwestern France had been won over to Athanasian orthodoxy, the Church of Rome had still before it the propagation of its faith among the Lombards, the Saron inhabitants of the Elbe, the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia, the Magyara of Hungary, the Wends of Pomerania, the Scandinavians, and the English conquerors of Britain. Again for at least three centuries-from the beginning of the eighth to the middle of the eleventh-it was baunted with the fear of great mutilations of its territory, through incursions and organized invasions on the part of Moslem dynastics ruling at Kairouan, at Fez, and at Nor, after the wave of heathen irruption had been rolled back on every hand, does t seem at first sight easy to understand why in the first quarter of the thirteeth century. when a large section of the Iberian peninsula was still unredeemed, a crusade should have been directed against the Albigenses instead of the Moors of Spain. But the truth is as Mr. Les will show us later, that the Manichean heresy, so deeply rooted in Provence and Languedoc, considered as a potent solvent opersting from within, threatened graver damage to the Church than was any longer dreaded chammedan aggressions from without

savage methods of repression familiar to Greek Christianity. Even with the abhorred and dangerous sect of the Cathari (the more ex-act designation of the Albigenses), "the Church was wonderfully slow to resort to extremities. It shrank from contradicting its teachings of sharity." Bo uncongenial was the violent interposition elamored for by popular fanaticism that, as we learn from Mr. Lea, "when, about 1045, some Manicheans were discovered at Chalens, Bishop Roger applied to Bishop Wazo of Lifees for advice as to what he should do with them, and whether he should hand them over to the secular arm for punishment. The good Wago replied, urging that their lives should not be forfeited to the secular sword as God, their Creator and Redeemer, showed ce and mercy." Here, and in them patience and mercy, mere, and in and twelfth centuries, we trace a stubborn revival of the tolerance practised by the Car ovingians, under whom not only heretics, but downright pagens and Jows were subjected t very sleader disabilities. As late as 1144-not h more than a half a century before the foundation of the Inquisition-" the Church of Lieges congratulated itself on having by the morey of God saved the greater part of a numfessed Cathari from the turbulent mob which strove to burn them." When in the very next year, the Cologne populace seized and burned a number of persons accused of Catharism, despite the resistance of the ecclesiastical authorities, the lingering hesitatio of the Church is revealed in the remarks of San-Semard, that reputedly rigorous repressor of vagrant speculation. He argued that "heretics should be won over by reason rather than by coercion; approved the zeal of the people, t not their action;" nevertheless, he affirmed in theory "the duty of the secular power t avenge the wrong done to God by heresy,' er Pope Alexander III. "leaned desidedly to the side of mercy when he refused to pass judgment on the Cathari sent to him by the Archbishop of Reims, saying that it was better to pardon the guilty than to take the lives of the innocent." Still nearer the close of the century which preceded the rise of the Insition, Peter Cantor contended that "the ostle ordered the heretic to be avoided, not slain." In pursuance of this relatively mild doctrine, "the first measures of Innocent III. (A. D. 1199) against the Albigenses only thresten exile and confiscation;" and even simes de Montfort, in 1212, when the structie between orthodoxy and heresy had vastly increased in bitterness, does not in the code promulgated for the treatment of the heretic, formally adjudge him to the stake. It is a curious fact that the cremation of here ald have been enacted for the first time in positive law, not by any Pope, but by Don Pedro II. of Aragon, who, although thus cruelly protestive in his Aragonese dominions, was a protestor of heresy in southern France, and protector of heresy in southern I salso note.

De Montfort's chief antagonist. It is also note. worthy that the Emperor Frederick II., who used of being a free thinker, if not a Mohammedan, made, in 1233, the penalty of death by fire for heretical opinions absolute in Sicily. Satisfactory is it to remember that in England it was not until "the appearance of the Lollards caused fear in both Church and Dists that the writ de heretico comburendo was

greated by statute in 1401."

though their doctrines had nothing in common except so far as both tended to reject the au thority of the Papal hierarchy. The clearness with which the distinction between these con temporaneous and locally contiguous sects is impressed upon the reader's mind constitutes one of our deepest obligations to the author of this parrative. It is plain from his account that the Waldensian movement was simply twelfth century exhibition of the retroactive impulse toward the austere principles and simple usages of primitive Christianity. Properly speaking, it was no heresy, and was no confounded with hereay by careful contempora ry observers. It was essentially a revoltagainst sacerdotalism, an effort to resuscitate the teachings of Christ in their literal significance and the unconventional relations of the apostles to the body of the faithful. It was but an early symptom of the recoil from the crust ac onired by Christianity from contact with the world and intimate alliance with the civil power, which was afterward displayed by the Hussites in Bohemia, the so called "Poor Priests" of English Wickliffism, the Moravian Brethren, the Quakers and Methodists in England, and which in our day we have seen exemplified in Count Leo Tolstol's effort to evolve from the Evangelists a religion of his own. There are, indeed, some points of analogy in the careers of Tolstol and Peter Waldo, lithough the latter had not the former's genius erudition, and social rank. Some coincidences and resemblances are indicated in the following extract, condensed from Mr. Lea's much more detailed description. Peter Waldo was t seems, a rich merchant, dwelling at Lyons in he second half of the twelfth century. He was unlearned but eager to sequire the truths o Scripture, to which end he calls the translation into a romance dialect of the New Testament This he learned by heart, and arrived at the conviction that nowhere was the apostolic life bserved as Christ commanded. Striving for evangelical perfection, he gave his wife the choice between his real estate and his movables. On her selecting the former, he sold the latter, portioned his two daughters and placed them in an abbey, and distributed the rest of the proceeds among the poor ther suffering from famine. Thenceforward he devoted himself to preaching the Gospel through the street and by the wayside, and, admiring imitators of both sexes springing up around him, he despatched them as missionaries to neighboring towns. They entered houses, an nouncing the Gospel to the inmates, preached in the churches, and discoursed in public places. Everywhere they found eager listeners. partly, no doubt, owing to the nature of the doctrines preached, but partly also because of preaching was in itself a novolty, having become an almost forgotten duty on the part of the clergy at the epoch just preceding the foundation of the Domintean and Franciscan orders. The disciples of Waldo adopted a possiliar form of dress including in imitation of the apostles, a sandal with a kind of plate upon it, whence they acquired the name of the 'shoed,' though the appellation which they bestowed upon themselves was that of the Poor Men of Lyons. Three specific rules of morality were distinctive characteris tics of the sect. They affirmed that every lie is a mortal sin. that every oath, even in a court of justice, is unlawful, and that homicide is under no circumstances to be permitted, whether in war or in execution of judicial sen beyed the command even when he was upon tences." All this evidently was an organized his death bed." inticipation of Tolstol's endeavor to obey literally the commands of Christ, and make the Gospel an actual standard for the conduc recognizable by their customs and speech or they are modest and well regulated; they

of daily life. Touching the question how far the Waldenses lived up to their principles. Mr Les quotes the singularly impressive testimony of a contemporary inquisitor who knew them well. "They are," says the inquisitor take no pride in their garments, which are either costly nor vile; they do not engage in trade in order that they may avoid lies and rauds, but they live by their labor as mechanics -their teachers are cobblers. They do not ac cumulate wealth, but are content with neces saries. They are chaste, and temperate in meat and drink. They do not frequent taverns or dances or other vanities. They restrain themselves from anger. They are always at work; they teach and learn, and consequently pray but little. They are to be known by their modesty and precision of speech, avoiding scurrility, detraction, light words, falsehoods and oaths." Another inquisitor admits his disbelief of the stories current among the populace and which accused the Waldenses, as the early Christians were accused, of sexual abom-When the speculative impulse, with the reinations. Mr. Lea can find nowhere any trustsultant proclivity to schism, heresy, and skepworthy evidence in support of these imputaticiam, at length awakened in the West, the tions, and the fact is that the Waldenses held connubial intercourse to be lawful only reluctance, and after long vaciliation, to the for the procurement of offspring. Another notething in connection with this sect is the circumstance that, just as Wesley decemed himself a member of the Church of England, notwithstanding his organization of Methodism, so many of the Waldenses long continued to regard themselves as members of the Church of Rome. With them, however, it was manifest) that the distinction between the clergy and the laity was reduced to a minimum, especially after they rejected transubstantiation, as ultimately hapened. This tendency to extinguish sacerdotalism, and the fact that their principles, if universally adopted, would have reduced the Church to a condition of apostolic poverty, caused the Waldenses, harmless as they seem to us, to be recognized by Catholics as most dangerous enemies, and mercilessly perseouted. The Church perceived by intuition that it had need of all its resources, whether of acumulated wealth, organization, or prestige, at an epoch when even the work of conversion was not completed in eastern Europe, when the Vestern world had yet to withstand the shocks of Mongol and of Ottoman invasion, and when Roman Christianity had to safeguard and hand

> of civilization. We come now to what seems upon the whole the most striking chapter in the first installment of Mr. Lea's history-that dealing with the Cathari who appeared in many parts of West-ern Europe during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and who were then and are still popularly known as Albigenses, because they were concentrated in Albi, Beziers, Carcassonne and other towns and districts of the regions esignated by the Romans as the Provincia and Narbonensis, regions which now of course belong to France, but which at the period is question recognized a feudal overlord either in he King of Aragon or the Count of Toulous If a Greek derivation is properly ascribed to the word Cathari, it is obvious that the term, the oure, must have been bestowed on themselves in honor by the sectaries who provoked the Latin Church to organized and savage persecution. There now seems to be no doubt that the essential principle of Catharism was Manicheism, which itself was only a form of the dualism set forth in the Zen-davesta, with all the outgrowths and deflections of that creed, its tendency to a rigid system of observances and an extreme asceticism, and on the other hand its propensity to degenerate into devil worship. Mr. Lea traces the descent of the Cathari of mediæval Europe in an unbroken line from those Manicheau pereties, whose doctrines were apparently ac quired by contact with Persia, and who were The Manicheans were supposed to have been extirpated within, at all events, the confines of the Roman world, and their outward manifes tations were for a time undoubtedly suppressed. But their tenets are clearly recogsizable under some modifications in those o the Paulicians (the name, of course, is derived not from Paul the Apostle, but from Paul of Samosata), who acquired consistence in the seventh century, and after withstanding in the mountains of Armenia the utmost fury of persecution for three hundred years were the latter half of the tenth century, allowed a measure of teleration and transplanted in great numbers to Thrace

lown the rudely shaken and low-burning torch

transfer to Europe that we first meet with traces of their propagandism in the West. He discerns irrefragable evidence of the descent of Mardelsm, in "the sacred thread and garmen which were worn by all the Perfect among the Cathari, and the use of which by both Zends and Brahmans shows that its origin is to be raced to a prehistorie period." Now for the resemblance of doctrine. In the Catharan, as in the Paulician faith. "we find two cocqual principles, God and Satan, of whom the former created the invisible, spiritual, and eternal universe, the latter the material and the temporal which he governs. Satan is the Jehovah of the Old Testament; the prophets and patriarchs are robbers, and onsequently all Scripture anterior to the Gosd. The New Testament. els is to be rejecte lowever, is Holy Writ, but Christ was not a man, but a phantasm-the Son of God, who apeared to be born of the Virgin Mary, and came from heaven to overthrow the worship of Satan. Transmigration provides for the future reward or punishment of deeds done in life. The sacraents are rejected, and the priests and elders of the Church are only teachers without authority over the faithful." For "the Cathari the Roman Church indeed was the "synagogue of Satan, in which salvation was im sible," and, consequently, all its machinery was discarded. Evidently, therefore, while Waldensianism was originally an aftempt to reform and purify the Church from within, and implied no sacrifice of structure or essential principle. Catharism or Albigensianism was an assault on its foun dations, and the struggle with it involved the issues of life and death. Nor is there anything in the history of Christianity more profoundly impressive than the tenacity and courage with which the votaries of this most fatal of all heresies clung to their convictions in the face appalling tortures and death. In truth, as Mr. Lea points out, were it a fact that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, Catha rism would now be the religion of Europe. The Cathari, indeed, believed that a painful death

for the faith insured the immediate return of the soul to God, and relieved it from the necessity of passing through intermediate stages of trans migration. Torture at the end of this life saved them from torment in the ensuing exstonce. From this belief it naturally followed "suicide by voluntary starvation, by swallowing pounded glass or poisonous potions, or opening the veins in a bath, was not incommon. Failing this, it was a kind office for the next of kin to extinguish life when leath was near." The tendency toward asceticism, which is logically evolved from Mazdesm, and which was so strongly exhibited in Buddhism, was revealed with scarcely less distinctness in Albigensian rules of life. "The Cathari fasted on bread and water three days in each week, except when travelling, and, in addition, there were in the year three [unbroken] fasts of forty days each. Marriage also was forbidden except among a few, who permitted it between virgins, provided they sepa-rated as soon as a child was born. • • • In confession before the Toulouse Inquisition in 1310 it was said of one Catharan teacher that he would not touch a woman for the whole world; in another case a woman relates of her father that, after he became heretical, he told her she must never touch him again, and she

The condemnation of marriage, the prohibition of oaths, and the rejection of meat, eggs, milk. and everything (except fish) which was the result of animal propagation, were the chief external characteristics by which the rotaries of Catharism could be detected. In ther words, the Albigensians were outwardly Shakers and (with the exception of the one article of nourishment mentioned) vegetarians. Owing to the meagreness of their diet a pallid complexion came to be regarded as an almost infallible test of Catharism, so that for an orthodox believer a red face was an indispensable safeguard against arrest and torture. Ac cording to Bishop Wazo (circa, 1050), an accidental pallor had cost many good Catholics their lives. The asceticism, whose extremes have been indicated, was, as in the case of Buddhism, not apparently expected to be practised by any except the Perfected, but the ethical teachings addressed to the body of the faithful were undeniably admirable, and there is abundant evidence that they were carried out with an approach to fidelity that put to shame orthodox Catholics of the epoch preceding the rise of the mendicant orders. Thus St. Bernard testifies: 'If you interrogate them, nothing can be more Christian; as to their conversation, nothing can be less reprehensible, and what they speak they prove by deeds. As for the morals of heretic, he cheats no one, he strikes no one. His cheeks are pale with fasting, he eats not the bread of idleness, his hands labor for his livelihood." Like the primitive Christians and the early Quakers, they would not under any pressure of terror or temptation swear, prevaricate, or lie. A member of the Holy Office bears witness to the fact that "if one of the Perfected is exhorted by the God in whom he believes to tell all about his life, he will faithfully disclose everything, although such frankness will, as he knows, inevitably lead to the atrocious torture of death by burning." In the arlist persecution of the Cathari on recordthat which took place at Orleans in 1017-out of fifteen convicted persons, thirteen remained

steadfast in the face of the fire, although a full pardon was offered them for recantation. It is when the author of this history takes up the scales of justice and renders a final decision in favor of Boman Catholicism and against Catharism, its deadliest antagonist, that we can best appreciate his impartiality and breadth of view. We quote some sentences in which his deliberate conviction is propounded. However much we may deprecate," he says. the means used for its suppression, and commiserate those who perished for conscience sake, we cannot but admit that the orthodoxy was in this case the cause of progress and civilization. Had Catharism become dominant, or even had it been allowed to exist on equal terms, its influence could not have failed to prove disastrous. Its asceticism with regard to commerce between the sexes, if strictly enforced, could only have led to he extinction of the race, and as this involves a contradiction of nature, it would have probably resulted in lawless concubinage and the destruction of the insti-tution of the family. Its condemnation of the visible universe and of matter in general as the work of Satan, rendered sinful all striving after material improvement, and the conscientious evolution of such a creed could only lend man back, in time, to his original condition of savagism. It was not only a revolt against the Church, but a renunciation of man's domination over nature. As such it was doomed from the start, and our only wonder must be that it maintained itself so long and so stubbornly even against a Church which (at the epoch of the heresy's prevalence] had earned so much of popular detestation. Yet though the exaltation caused by persecution might keep it alive among the enthusiastic and the discontented, had it obtained the upper hand and maintained its purity it must surely have perished through its fundamental errors." Had the Cathari triumphed, the heritage bequeathed to us by Rome and Athens must have been lost. A Catharan Europe would inevitably have succumbed to the grandsons of Zenghis or the successors of Mohammed II., and the torpor of Asia would have benumbed the Continent from the shores of the Caspian to those of the North Atlantic.

We have touched here only on those sections of the ample field explored by Mr. Lea's re searches, to which, because least familiar, the majority of readers are likely to be most attracted. His account of the regenerative work erformed within the Church by the mend orders and of the repressive functions organized in the Inquisition can perhaps best be sum-marized when the outcome of these diverse but cooperative agencies is more extensively portrayed in the second volume of this history. In his third volume, for whose appearance also we shall not have long to wait, there Strangely enough, the Waldenses and Albisent forth proselyting colonies. It was, as we shall not have long to watt, there is reason to believe that more light will be cast

on the real causes of the suppression of the Templars than has been as yet derivat any English book.

Book Notes. A lively little story for children is "Dilly and the Captain," by Margaret Sidney (D. Lothrop Company). It is profusely illustrated.

"Andrew Mercigan's Great Discovery," by F. M. Allen (Appletons), is the title of a volume of very racy Irish stories, abounding in grotesque numor and anachronisms. The illustrations are almost as good as the stories.

"The Beginnings of Civilization." by Prof. Charles Woodward Hutson of the University of Mississippi (John B. Alden) is a brief but comprehensive introduction to the study of history, which will make a useful school manual.

"Addresses of the Dead," by Charles C. Mar-ble (G. W. Dillingham), is the title of a little volume which purports to give the date of birth and death and the burial place of eminent Americans. When it has been suitably

onlarged, and the arrors of every kind with

which it abounds have been corrected, it is likely to prove a valuable book of reference. Cassell & Co. publish a translation by William Westall, from the French of André Laurie, of Captain Trafalgar," an exciting and wellwritten story of the Gulf of Mexico. The hero's career has been suggested by that of Jean Lafitte, the once dreaded pirate of Barrataria Bay, but most of the incidents are origina

in conception and development. We have received from the Century Company the thirty-fourth bound volume of the Century Magazine, and in examining it we are only the more impressed with the accuracy of the high ommendations which we have bestowed upon its successive numbers from month to month. We also have the two volumes of the St. Nicholas Magazine from November, 1886, to October, 1887-books in which all young people must take a deep delight.

Theodore Davenport Warner is the author of long and occasionally tedious drama, partly in blank yerse and partly in prose, entitled Madalena, or the Maid's Mischief" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). The plot is ingenious, and several of the characters are original and strongly drawn. In its present form it is totally unfit ted for the stage, but will be read with interest. The author handles blank verse with skill, if not with uniform good taste.

Books of travel are often tedious, but Mr. W. A. Paton's "Down the Islands" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is decidedly an exception. It deseribes the Caribbees from Anguilla to Nevisthe birthplace of Alexander Hamilton-with a rollicking freshness that does not exclude ac curate description and instructive facts. It is tions are quite worthy of the text. Whoever sits down to read it will leave off with a sense of gratitude toward its author.

Cupples & Hurd reprint from the tenth London edition the paper entitled "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity," originally contributed by Sir Henry Thompson to the Nineteenth Century. His remarks on the common impression. that increase of portliness with increase of years is a sign of physical healthfulness. should be read by all stout, middle-aged gentlemen. The typical man of 80 or 90 years. still retaining a respectable amount of energy of body and mind, is, he insists, lean and spare, and lives on slender rations.

"Notes for Boys, by An Old Boy" (A. C. Mc Clurg & Co.), were written for the author's own son, an English boy, but in the main will be found equally applicable to the youth of America. The maxims and precepts laid down for the moral as well as the intellectual guidance of boys are characteristic of a high-minded. ommon-sense man, who is desirous of seeing his son grow up a gentleman. Material success receives due attention from him, but character, manliness, and integrity are much more fully considered.

Under the title of "Science Sketches" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) Mr. David Starr Jordan has brought together in one volume a dozen agreeably written papers, most of which have ap peared in various periodicals. They possess to an unusual degree the merit of imparting useful knowledge in a manner to attract and impress the reader. A good example of Mr. Jordan's descriptive powers is afforded in the article entitled "An Eccentric Naturalist." which sketches the career of Constantin Raffinesque, an American scientist of the early part of the century, of great industry, but careless, inexact, and somewhat too versatile in his investigations. The papers on fishes are

among the best in the volume.

J. W. Bouton sends us "The Real History of the Rosicrucians," by Arthur Edward Waite. The author asserts that the facts and documents of the Fraternity of the Rose Cross have hitherto been absolutely unknown to English readers, although the literature connected with the subject is both varied and extensive. He has therefore essayed to collect the mass of material which exists for the elucidation of this curious problem of European history, and to depict the mysterious brotherhood as they are revealed in their own manifestoes In the British Museum he discovered a number of tracts and manuscripts bearing upon the subject, the most important of which are reproduced in the present volume, either abridged or in full. Among these are translations of the Fama Fraternitatis and the Confessio Fraternitatis, from which are deduced the religious opinions of the Rosierucian Fraternity. These appear to have been a rather violent form of Lutheranism. The work is clear in statement and replete with learning, and affords the first complete and trustworthy account of the origin, development, and decay of Rosicrucianism

ever published in English In his "Life and Services of Brevet Brig. Gen. Andrew Jonathan Alexander." Gen. James H. Wilson has paid a graceful tribute to the memory of a man who possessed every quality which goes to the making of a gentleman and a soldier, and whose services faithfully and creditably performed, scarcely received the reward to which, in the estimation of a soldier, they were entitled. A Kentuckian by birth, of mixed Scotch and French ancestry. Gen. Alexander was reared as a civilian, and at the outbreak of the war of the rebellion relinquished his business pursuits in St. Louis to accept a commission of Lieutenant in the regular cavalry. He was then 28 years of age, of a pure Saxon type of manly beauty, six feet in stature, and a magnificent horseman. From the outset he proved himself to be an officer not only of unusual promise, but of a capacity immediately available. He appears to have been a born soldier, and at the close of the war, to quote the language of his biographer, "by virtue of great natural apitude and that extraordinay adaptability so characteristic of young Americans, and especially those from the Western and Southern States, he had made himself not only a mode staff officer, but an admiral cavalry commander." Within a year after entering the service he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-Genera of a cavalry corps commanded by Stoneman, and during the remainder of the war he acted repeatedly as chief of staff in Eastern,or Western campaigns. At the same time he had occasional opportunities to show his mettle as a fighting man, and at the famous cavalry battle of Beverly Ford bore himself with conspicuous valor. Gen. Alexander took part in the Peninsular campaign, in the battles of Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, in the Atlanta campaig in the battle of Nashville, and commanded a brigade in the cavalry corps, which, in the spring of 1865, under Wilson, swept out the last traces of armed opposition in the Gulf States. He adhered to the army at the close of the war, was stationed chiefly at frontier posts

and participated in various Indian campaigns

At the time of his death a few months ago he

was a Lieutenant-Colonel on the retired list

For examples of the bravery, endurance, and

self-sacrifleing spirit of this gullant officer. of

his amiability, courtesy, and modesty, we must

refer the reader to Gen. Wilson's volume, which, by the way is one of the most inter-

esting that has been inspired by the events of our civil war. In the opinion of many military men, Gen. Alexander never received the pro-motion which his services in the field or on the staff had fairly earned for him; but of this ne-glect he himself was one of the last to complain.

POEMS WORTH READING. Chienge

Pell, fierce and furious, lo, how discord rages, Even in the young land of liberty, Betwixt the upper and the lower strata Of the society of civilization! And the crushed, grinded masses writhe and grown And the crushed, grinded masses writhe and groan Beneath the pressure of the pyramid. Themselves support; and with the groans there ming Shrieks and blood-curding threats of those who clair their right to live, as man was meant to live. Man and his weaker sister, tender woman, (With them their children, toto, of Ged, Not less than the curied darlings of their bettern); And hate dies triumphing in martyrdem. Even as love divine has often died, While hell axults as angels oft have hymned.

Vainly exasperated angulah dreams To heal with dynamite the age's ill, Answering crime with crime more criminal Since red, immediate, and all in vain, And heedless of the counter thought and e Of those arrayed beneath the flag of law, Order, and patient hope of the slow future, Force hath no remedy. There is none but Christi Christ in the hearts, where now sits Mammon threns Be they of millionaire or pauper class. And the true Christ, not the false Antichrist.

A Chance Meeting Pron the Boston Globe.

How shall I look at him, how shall I meet him?

Can I be dignified, can I be cold?

What shall the words be wherewith I shall great him!

Has he forgotten the sweet days of old? Not for the bliss that was ming for a season, Not for the wealth that the wide world ou Would I allow him to guess the one reason Why one weak woman unwedded remains How can I look at him; how can I hear him Speaking words commonplace, civil, and few? How still my beart's beating when I draw near him How my amotions completely subdue?

How my emotions completely subdue? Why must my lot bear this beary sorrew? Why has my life been so lonely and dress? Why must I wearlig dread each to morrow? Tiring so quickly of each passing year. One woman's hearteness in trivial and small; One woman's sorrow is trivial and small; One woman's heart is not thought of at all.

From the Levelston Journal The summer day was o'er, and twilight sweet
Came close upon its track with dew-tasthed feet;
Moved by the mystic spell, May, Kata, and Bean
Agreed among themselves each to confess
What they would like to be in future years.
O, I would like," said laughing, bins-eyed May,
To go before the world in some great play.
To act so well the phases of my part.
That all the pulces of its grant heart
Should bound and flutter with its weight of bears." Should bound and flutter with its weight of sears.

And I would like to write." said dreamy Bone.

Bome grand, ewest truth, the weary once to bless,
To clothe it in some soilty flowing rhyms,
As fair and tender as the summer time.

For truth, like folks, look better when well dresse.

Then, looking far away, said restless Kate:

"I'd like a true, deep-hearted soul to mate,
To have one hold me ever dearest, best,
And in my womanhood his honor rest,
For to be fondly loved is to be blest."

For to be fondly loved is to be blest."

The years rolled on, and our ambilious May Found that her part was real in life's great play. The world she moved and thrilled as small bende in the one she would have moved, as occan tide is great above the brooklet singing sweet. A lover came to woo, and Beas was wed; she did not write, but lived the truth instead; lived happy in an honest heart and name, Content to be unrecognized by fame. To the frymes to little children's feet. And Kate, who would have lived for love alone, Gave all her woman's heart unsompht, unknown. Yntshe it was who gave great truths to men; For, having not, her longing taught her pen. To write of Love beyond the human great, for tell of Love. that with a bounteous head, Short-sighted mortals cannot understand. Gives ever to its children; gives, indeed, Not always what they want, but what they need, Nor gives, in wisdom, any gift too late. ANNE B. SPEARING

At the Funeral of a Miner Post,

From the Atlantic Monthly. [One of the Bearers Soilleguises.) Well, yes, we liked his verses, thought them soed, quite good, indeed: perhaps too much technique, Too much laborious finish, and all that.
He took such pains! But then he scorned to write Long udes when certain tiresome persons died, And gave no song to cattle show persons died, And so was not a poet of the day—A twilight poet, groping in the dusk, Belated, with the great ones gone ahead. Belated, with the great once gone ahead. This we may say, and say it hand on hear-Bince he is dead—he had a certain touch. A touch that's lacking. We've no verse its day. No verse to speak of—chiefly triolets. And smooth, fantawile copies of Old French. The mighty Zolaistic movement now Engrosses us, we paint things as they are (Or as we think they are) undinchingly. Eve with her foliage was over dressed. The truest art is to leave nothing out. The truest art is to leave nothing out. Likely to prove offensive. Will it last! It is so hard to know what thing will last. There's Suckling's lyrio, fresh as westerday. There's Suckling's lyrio, fresh as vesterday,
And there's Lovelace's love note to Aithma—
Too much technique, too such high finish, and yes—
They have outlasted thrones and dynastics,
They hore serves are so del! You bury one
With all his music in six feet of earth,
And black oblivious shrouds him; presently,
After perhaps a bundred years or so.
The world is suddenly conscious of a flower
Sprung from the mould of a forgotten grave. Sprung from the mould of a forgotten grave.

The said the seeds wrapt up among the ballma. And hieroglyphics of Egyptian kings.

And we have the form the seed of the seed of our poor friend there, some sweet minor cheer of our poor friend there, some sweet minor cheer of his failed to lure our more accustomed and the will be and the failed to the seeds have such tenacity?

Meanwhile, he's dead, with scantiest laurel leaf and little of our nineteenth century gold.

Well, well, poor fellow! lot us bury him.

T. B. Alder.

Marjorie. From Wide Awake "Oh, dear!" said Farmer Brown one day.
"I he ver sawsuch weather!
The rain will spoil my meadow hay
And all my crops together."
His little daughter ollmbed his knee;
"I guess the sun will shine," said she. "But if the sun," said Farmer Brown, "Should bring a dry September, With vines and stalks all willed down. -And fields scorched to an ember".— "Way, then, 'twill rain," said Marjeria. The little girl upon his knee. "Ab, me'l' sighed Farmer Brown thas fall,
"Now, what's the use of living?
No pian of mire sbocceds at all!"—
"Why, next month comes Thanksgiving,
And then, of course." said Marjeria,
"We're all as happy as can be." "Well, what should I be thankful for !"

Asked Farmer Brown. "My trouble
This summer has grown more and more,
My losses have been double,
I've nothing left"." Why, you've got me!"
baid Marjorle, upon his knee.

Another Way, Prom Harper's Hagasins.

Ah, come to me in dreams, and then, One saith, I shall be well again, For then the night will more than pay The weary longing of the day. Nay, come not thou in dreams, my sweet, With shadowy robes, and silent feet, And with the voice, and with the eyes That greet me in a soft surprise. Last night, last night, in dreams we men And how, to-day, shall I forget, Or how, remembering, restrain Mine incommunicable pain! Nay, where thy folk and country are, Dwell thou, remote, spart, afar, Nor mingle with the shapes that sweep The melancholy ways of sleep. But if, perchance, the shadows break, if dreams depart, and men awake, if face to face at length we see, Be thou the first to welcome me.

In Courtship Hours. When on your face her lovely eyes
Are often fixed, when she appears
Attentive to your looks and sens
And to your words lends willing easn;
When she with laught er greets your look
And says, "I think you're horred;" knew
That you are still a welcome guest.
You need not yet make haste to ge.

ANDREW LANG.

When on the clock her game she bends.
And wonders if an agon to bed,
And when you make a lock, prenade.
She did not hear just what you said;
When she belind her lily hand.
Hegins to yawn, though he may grieve.
The man of sense will understand.
The time has come for him to leave.

The Shadow of the War. From the Boston Daily Assertizer.
We will not alur the glory,
Nor let the cry of pain
Drown out the triumph music
That celebrates sarih's gala;
For still does bintory repeat
Man's forward march on bloody fast! Twas two ideals in condict.
And one must throttle one:
And all name weak was waiting
Until the fight was done:
And from the strongle with its foca
And blen human hope arose! But now, to-day, while with us Within the shadow wait The widowed, orphaned, hemaless, The sick, the desolate; Although we ne'er can pay the deba, We'll show them we do not ferget! Remember then the glory;
But oh, remember, too,
The broken lives. O brothers,
Whose pain is borne for you;
And let each veteran feel we know
The worth of gratifude we owe!

Prom the Brooklyn Standard Union.
Oh, the flavor, sweet and rare,
Of the simple farmer fare—
Hush and milk, the wholesome diet
Of the life so pure and quiet! Clear the realm of table show i Get thee hence, Deimonice! Out, ye modern vianda flat, A la this and h is that. Give me new a table bright With its bowls so clean and white, Gilttering spoons in hands so manfal, Milk so inscious, by the panfal, Oh the Committee of the committee. Oh, the fields of golden maine ! Oh, the haleyon autumn days ! Nibblers paie in runting site What know ye of much and mith! Once again in foreign lands. O'er my bowl I clasp my bands. Giving thanks that, as of yore. Mush and milk I take once more. Oh, the rosy checks it gave!
Oh, the arms so strong and brucest kush and relik has raised the latest Of the nations, and the greatest.

Mush and Milk.

THE GOOD SIDE OF PRESENT PRENCH LITERATURE.

Books that the English and Americans Know Very Little About.

LONDON, Nov. 10 .- Every now and then the English mind awakens with a feeling akin to stuper to the fact that French fiction is not absolutely bad; that there are French comedies, not entirely based on the breaking of the most brittle of commandments; and that novelists and playwrights may be strong, emotional, sensational even without being indecent. The recent season of Coquelin at the Royalty has brought about a fit of this reluctant and spasmodical admission. "L'Ainé," "Le Juif Polo-nais," "Gregoire," and the "Preciouses Ridicules" are quoted as the exceptions that prove the rule. The British public, shrouded in its mantle of cant, refuses to understand that the lascivious pictures of French life in French novels are as much a libel on French national and social manners as the immaculate purity of the English novel is a mark fastened upon English vice. Here the constant preoccupation of the nation is to appear better than it is; there to be dramatic, witty, or cynical at the expense of personal reputation. Yet even in corrupt, degraded, immoral Paris, in spite of the unsavory literature that floods its bookstores, and makes us turn up our saintly eyes in holy horror, the applause of the crowd confers popularity on certain, simple, pure idyllic works, which in London would be condemned as tame, dufl, and prosy. After the hysterical scenes of "Le Sphynx" and the "Princesse de Bagdad," Paris audiences went into raptures over "L'Ami Fritz;" and after "Renée," which was damped. "L'Abbé Constantin" is the suc cess of the hour.

In England no one reads the really whole some French novels. All sexes and all ages deyour in secret the translations of Zola, Belot, Manpassant, Catulle Mendes, translations robbed of every grace and delicacy of style, and crudely accenting by their relentless bru-tality of rendering the most objectionable features of the original. Fortified by the opinion formed after perusing those works, English readers repeat their asseveration that French literature is corrupting, and with a deprecating pity ask the question: "Is there really nothing decent to read in French, nothing except Zola, Feuillet, Daudet, and their compeers?"
Becurely gradled in a bigoted ignorance of any literature save their own, the questioners cannot know that even those maligned and

securely dradied in a bigoted ignorance of any literature save their own, the questioners cannot know that even those maligned and in many cases justly condemned authors have written stories and romanoes at which the most prudish British marron need not feign to blush, and which the average British novelist would find it difficult to emulate in genius and power. Zola, the dangerous master of a dangerous school, Zola, the unprincipled apostle of realism, has written not one, but several, stories as absolutely wholesome as they are dramatically strong; stories standing out whitely from the darker background of others in the same collection, and yet "L'Inondation," L'Attaque du Moulin," are tabooed with the rest, and the railway book stalls throughout England decline to have on their shelves any volume signed by Zola, for no one stands up who has enough knowledge and little enough bigotry to expose such ignorance.

Ludovic Halevy, the Academician, wrote his novel of the Abbé Constantin, and no one in England read it. Hector Malot's "Sans Famille" received the Prix Monthyon, and was pronounced stupid by the few English people who, attracted by its repute, thought fit to glance through its pages, while they contentedly wade through the inamities and padding of their three-volume novels. Daudet's "Petit Chose" is the most charmingte and padding of their three-volume novels. Daudet's "Petit Chose" is the most charmingte and padding of their three-volume novels. Daudet's "Petit Chose" is the most charmingte and padding of their three-volume novels. Daudet's "Petit Chose" is the most charming native and delightfully touching story, and what hypercritical prudery could find fault with his "Tartarin," and even with the brilliant book of "Numa Roumestan?" Henri Lavedan is partetic and true in "Ma'zelle Vertu," and some of his short sketches, such as "Mie de Paris."

The older novelists would be willing to involuntarily ignored were it not for some French? The older novelists would be will the masterpiece of grace and gentl of grace and gentle satire, and "Sacs of Parchemins," as clover and as subtle, would no

Farchemins," as clover and as subtle, would not be known even by hame or credited to Julies and they will tell you how often "Sans Dot," "Mile, do Malepeire," "Le Cade the Colob-ribros," Les Sept Croix de Vis, "are included in the lists of their omnivorous and not overlike lists of their omnivorous and not overlike lists of their omnivorous and not overlike lists of their ownivorous and not overlike lists of these who condemn French liberature whole-sale, and insist upon having hunan nature presented to them in its most condem of rose aspects and not advised the control of them in the most condem of rose aspects and not advised the control of the control of them in the most condem of the control of the

nead" (and on comparing proved the more numerous); tinued, "had I intended to would have made you so resemble the comparing proved the more numerous); to would have been no so resemble to the comparing the compar nme cut of my proved the more numerous): "but," he continued, "had I intended to perseent you I would have made you so resembling that there would have been no possible delict. True, my Roumestan is not bellied, but all but southerners are either very fat or dried upyke old dates; there is no medium." To which dambetta replied, stretching out his hand had classing. Daudet's: "After all, what matter? Remember the answer of the bricklayer who, falling from the fifth floor, was asked by a helgor leaning out of the third-story window, aske passed. How do you feel? and replied: "Letty well at present, but the end will show! I have never contradicted any report against me-do the same, old fellow—the end will show! Thus the reconcillation was complete.

Dandet was not blind to the failing of his beloved south, but tenderly indulgent to them. "Oh the lovely lies of the south." he would say, "They lie there without reason, without motive, for their own pleasure; the south hawonderful improvisations wherein murder, love, massacre and friendship mingle. Le Malate Imaginaire was a southerner—don't tell me he was not. Molière knew fuil well that he was—ine would not deny it now. Every examperation if maginaire was a southerner—don't tell me he was not. Molière knew fuil well that he was—ine would not deny it now. Every examperation is natural to my compatriots, When they speak, transpose their words two or three tones lower down, and you will probably find the natural one." After the publication of "Numa Loumestan," an honest citizen of Marseilles stoyted Daudet in the street and said to him: "Look here, since you wrote that book we are all watching over ourselves."

All the cynicism of "Sapho," the skepticism of "Jack;" the brutal philosophy of the "Nabab," cannot detract one jot from the poethed pathos of "Le Petit Chose," the meridian ever of "Tartarin," or the railiery of "Numa Loumestan," with such books to choose from, next the English go on rejecting. "Is there anything readable in French literature?"

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S RETREAT. A Visites the Invalld Novellet in the Heart

M. DE S.

the second secon

SCHOOL STORES

SARANAC LAKE, Nov. 18 .- On my way to Montreal \ came from Plattsburgh to this pretty spotto pay my respects to Robert Louis Stevenson, Erst of English romancers. My guide amid the perils and pleasures of the ourney has been Phelps Smith, son of Paul Smith, famout in this region as guide, hunter. and landlord. Phelps keeps the Pouquet at Plattsburgh, wich village is the gateway to as levely a succession of treut brooks, lakes, and wood-clad countains as the sun shines and wood-clad countains as the sun shines on. The first part of our journey was over the Chateaugay Railrod to Loon Lake station, where a trusty drier, Jake, awaited us with the span of ponies happed by having drawn the President when heame a-fishing. Jake quickly brought us to the Leon Lake House, where a recombined diswhere an excellent dimer seemed supremely good to our frost-bitten opetites. Thence we glided along sixteen may to Saranac Lake, amid woods richly freighed with soft snow, the smaller pines so weighted down as to resemble furled flags, or, as Phelps said, umbrellas. As we passed fat or rill, mount, grove, or pend, Jake name it for us, if a knew who lived in every house was haifed by every passer-by, and seemed to be looked as to

grove, or pond, Jake named it for us, lie knew who lived in every house, was hailed by every passer-by, and seemed to be looked up to and trusted by everybody in Fanklin county, Jake is a very intelligent colded Virginian. He reads The Sux.

At Saranac Lake we stayed at an excellently kept small inn. A boy-of-all-work here, George by name, is the most oblighing hour servant I have ever met in my travels. His vinty, however, is not epidemic, for a boy with a purcel went to Mr. Stevenson's only last Taeday and asked at the door if "a woman named Stevenson" lived there. A third boy must be mentioned, he who delivers meat to all and soundry here on behalf of an employer he can sharry Offal, a Saranackian corruption of the hod old English name, Oldfield.

The village, originally a hunters' an immbermen's came, is now extending itse by a score of pine village and much mansarding of old-fashioned attics into a health reso, for consumptives. It a steady, windless cold and piney air make it a place where weak lags grow strong and strong lungs grow stronder. Familiarity with the dread disease breeds catement. At the Berkeley's tables one health pulmonary patients contract their designation into "puls," and crack jokes at the expense it a sanatarium, where comparatively poor patients can beard for \$5 a week. Its annual deficit is made good by generous New Yorkers, Saranac Lake by Dec. I will be connected by real with Plattaburgh. Gangs of graders and rail layers are making the woods resound with their noisy toll.

Mr. Stevenson occupies a neat cottage on the Saranac River, at a point where the settlement begins to than out into the orgest primeyal.

Saranae Lake by Dec. I. will be connected by rail with Plattsburgh, Gaogs of graders and rail layers are making the woods resound with their nofsy toil.

Mr. Stevensch occupies a neat cottage on the Saranae River, at a point where the seldement begins to thin out into the forest primeval. His wife, mother, and stepson, Mr. Loyd Osborn, are living with him. I was glad to find him looking very much the better of his stay in the Adironducks, which he meansto prolong until spring. He is able to take a walk of about half a mile a day, and exceedingly enjoys his short tramps over the snow in Canadian moccasins. To those curious to know what the creator of Dr. Jekyll. Alau Breck, and John Silver looks like, let me say thit he is about five feet ion in height, if and spire; he wears his light-brown hair long and loose; his broad, high forehead is illuminated by spiceing pair of eyes at a remarkable distanceapart. He has the air of an artist who has been il, and is now well advanced toward recovery. I conversation he is most animated and closery, speaking with a crisp Edinburgh accen. As we talked about one thing and another, likems out that he is a strong anti-Gladstpian. Surely, it is natural that the author of Kintanapped" should be a sound Scot-like Tory. Mr. Stevenson spoke of American authors, Helkes Stockton's stories very raich, and among Mark Twaln's volumes puters. "Huckleberry Finn." Mr. Stevenson is buy on a third article in the series he is writing for Scribner's, and never lots a day go by wihout some substantial work. I asked him whice of his own books he liked bost. "Kidnappd." he promptly replied. It is protable that he may write a sequel to it. I is his practice to drop a story fa the nidden and take it up a month or so nicerward, with interestrevived. "Trensure Island." his quickest piece of work, was written in nat way, Mr. Stevenson excels in telling pawry Scottish stories, a faculty evidently ferred from his mother. As we sat after dinner a changing Scottish varus for Canadian, I chanced to remark

Saranao Lake. Chateau Baker. Poivre rouge.
Vin rouge de Canterae.
Eau de fontaine de Saranao
Vinky-Vierge. The whole, let me testify, served by Vale-tine, a maid from Hyères, as excellently as at Delmonico's or the Brunswick.

A Suit for a Pet Cut's Bourd.

At the Brompton County Court yesterday, Nov. 11. Judge Stonor heard a case in which Mrs. Silverton, a laundress, sued Mmc. Corner, a lady residing in Montpellier square, for \$15 13s. 4d., being balance of amount due for the board and maintenance of a cat. Mr. Robinson appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Rick, ards for the defendant. The cat, which was a favorite and very valuable, came into the board and maintenance of a cat. Mr. Rick, ards for the defendant. The cat, which was a favorite and very valuable, came into the bossession of the plaintiff in June, 1883, when an agreement was entered into by which she undertook to keep the animal and supply it every day with half a pound of liver and a pint of milk, for which she was to receive 2s, nor week, payable by installments of £1 in advance. The defendant paid various sums up to August, 1884, and several letters passed, one as follows:

"Brar Annix: Enclosed is £1 off James's (the cat's) account, and a tin of sardines for his dinner, which I hope he will enjoy. I enclose also a loin of pork, which I trust will be equally acceptable to yourself."

In August last, year the defendant became desirous of having: "Poor Jim" poisoned, and sent a messenger with a letter beaging that the cat should be handed over for that purpose. The plaintiff stated that in 1883 Mmc.Corner, who was a weelthy lady, lived in Susseg street. Pimileo, and the witness was her tharwoman. On changing her residence she sked the witness was to feed it as stated.

Mr. Rickards (in eross-examination)—fave yon a receipt for what you fed that cat on. The Witness—No, but my solicitor has, fery often my husband and I have fed that cat when we were hungry ourselves. We did itout of respect to Mmc. Corner. She sent us many presents, such as a loin of pork.

Mr. Rickards—I should think so, He ate is most enough to keep a man.

The Witness—I would not like to keep an on tions. From the St. James's Gasette.

most enough to keep a man.
The Witness-I would not like to keep a

n it long. Not on loins of pork? The Witness—We ate the pork; "Jim" ate t sardines.
Ultimately his Honor gave judgment for tiplaintiff for the amount claimed.

Tidiags of a Walf.

WACO, Texas, Nov. 20.—One year ago last night, upon the steps of the Roman Catholic Convent here, a waif was found with a Slobbill pinned to its dress, and accompanying it was a note promising an annual remittance of \$100 to the person taking the baby. It is well and in good hands. The interested parties can remit the amount to any bank or minister of waco, and it will go to the baby's benefit.